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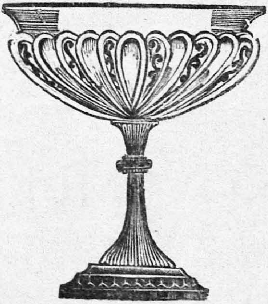

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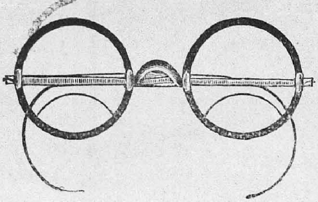

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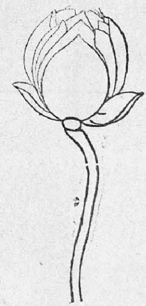

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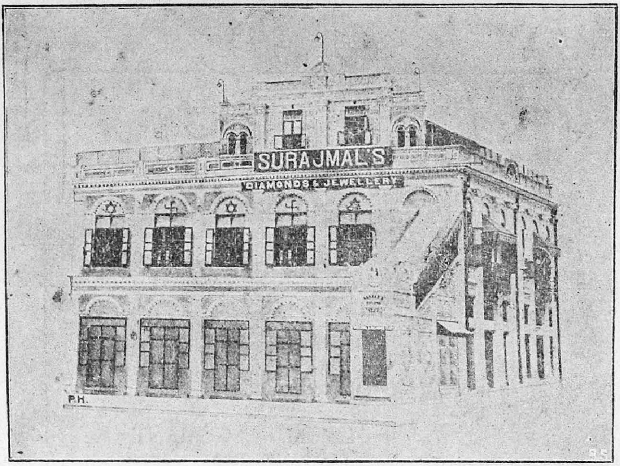

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THE MAORIS

BY I. ROBERTSON, M. A., NEW ZEALAND

SOME 400 years ago the races of the Pacific Islands were at the summit of their prosperity. These islands supported a dense population, for the soil was very fertile, the seas teemed with fish, and there were many fruit-bearing trees. The Islanders were adventurous people. They made long voyages in their huge canoes, for, though they had only matting sails, the trade winds are easy to navigate in. There was no need for them to make such voyages; they were fond of trading, it is true, but there is little variety in the Island products, so that they would find little abroad that they had not already got at home. One can only conclude that love of adventure was the driving force. It is the acknowledged reason why a large body of them, men, women and children, set forth in seven canoes, each fifty or sixty feet long, from Hawaiiki in the 16th century with the determination of sailing far to the South beyond all the known Islands in search of lands yet unvisited—the lure of the unknown.

Each canoe was handsomely carved along the sides with the figures of men and Gods and with geometrical

designs. At the prow was an awe-inspiring figure-head. It is characteristic of their carving to inset pieces of bright pearly shell here and there, especially in the eye-sockets. It is easy to picture them as they set off on their gay adventure—the blue sea and sky, the friends left behind raising from the beach the lament of farewell, the canoes heading for the channel between the breakers that marked the opening in the coral reef, each with its warriors raising the canoe song that even now, to alien ears that know not the language, conveys the joy of dashing through the sparkling spray of the blue waves, the delight of being young and strong, freed from the routine of daily work, and setting off gaily with one's friends to enjoy the world. And so for two or three weeks the gaiety lasted, and on they went, not knowing that they were to emerge from the care-free tropical ocean, where the islands were never more than a few days' journey apart, to colder seas, empty of all sign of land, where even in these busy days a helpless ship might drift and drift for ever, and never come to land nor sight another ship. Here in these cold and lonely seas their provisions gave out, but they pressed on with the courage of despair, too far from home to turn back; hopeless, but not giving in, toiling at the oars as their strength failed, but still fighting on in the hope of land ahead. And they found it—by a miracle. With thousands of miles of empty waters around them they were led by fate to New Zealand. They must have sighted it at daybreak through the morning mist, for they named it *Aotea-Roa*, The Land of the Long White Cloud. The hardships of that voyage have gripped their imagination to this day. Generation by generation they learn its story, nor does history record its equal.

The new land was divided up among the seven groups from the canoes, and each group called itself by the name of its canoe, the Arawas, Ngapuhis, Ngatimaniapouri and so on. They were glad to reach land; but the new land had not the riches of the old. Their only food plant was the sweet potato or kumara; the only native animal was the rat. For the rest they had to rely on birds, fish and

a few edible roots from the bush. But they throve. By the beginning of the 18th century it is estimated that there were 100,000 of them—and a finer race physically does not exist. At the age of 15 or 16 they weigh a stone more than New Zealand children of European descent, though these are healthy enough youngsters.

Then came the critical point in their history. Captain Cook's voyages of exploration turned the eyes of England to Australia and New Zealand. England was then passing through a period of great hardship and poverty following on the long wars with France, and in addition, there was no political freedom, for the Reform Bill was not passed till 1832. Many people could see no hope of brighter days ahead, and decided to try their luck in the new and distant lands. They knew that they were committing themselves to a life of poverty, hard work, loneliness and unending self-denial, but they hoped by so doing to purchase for their children the things which they themselves could not get—education, a higher standard of living, and freedom both in politics and in social life, for at that time class distinctions were very rigidly observed in England. Companies were formed, and thousands of people began to pour into Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands. The aboriginal races dwindled away before the invasion, partly because they obtained fire-arms and could exterminate each other in tribal warfare, partly because they could not withstand the drink and disease introduced by the white men, and where such causes as these were lacking, the shock of contact with a highly developed civilisation was too sudden. The best among them lost heart and pined away for the old days when they were leader of men. The only people that endured the contact were the Maoris; they did more; though savage cannibals they obtained a position of equality with the white men from the start, and have kept it ever since. How did they manage it? Well, there were many causes. From the first they craved for education; then they have a genius for friendship. English men of good family were among the early emigrants; firm friendships grew up between them and the Maoris. The Maoris,

are very adaptable and welcome changes, while maintaining very strongly pride of race, self-respect, and admiration for the customs and traditions of their tribe. Maoris of good birth have naturally not only the manners of gentlemen, but the manner of great lords.

The anecdotes that are still told of the early days of the Colony show how these people impressed the English. One of these, Maning, afterwards a judge in the Native Lands Court, thus describes his landing. He had put on all his best clothes in order to create an impression. As he was being carried by a Maori through the surf, his bearer stumbled and fell. All the Maoris on the beach laughed, which annoyed Maning so much that he immediately struck his bearer, and they fought it out half drowning in the surf. This was the spirit the Maoris liked. The Chief befriended him, and he was welcomed into the tribe as their trader, for they greatly desired to obtain European tools, having no metal goods of their own. Maning describes the Maori love of war. He says they fought for the sheer love of fighting. Towards sundown they stopped and prepared their evening meal. The combatants would dip water from the same stream and exchange cheerful chatter about the events of the day. Next morning, after a good breakfast, the fight began again. Once one side had to cease fighting because they ran out of powder and shot. The situation was explained to their opponents who promptly shared their supplies with them! Later, when some of the tribes went to war with the English settlers, they expected to fight on the same lines. Knowing the English were Christians, they regarded Sunday as a day of peace, laid down their arms, opened their gates,—and the English soldiers rushed in and took possession of the place! It was such things as this that embittered the Maoris and prolonged the wars. Many of the women also took up arms and fought side by side with their menfolk. They would go out under fire, till the English understood their purpose, and give water to the wounded, friend and foe alike. One of these old ladies is still alive, though over 90 years of age. The finest incident of the war was at Orakau, a Maori fort, that had

been bravely defended all day against overwhelming odds. At night the English Commander, unwilling to continue a battle in which the Maoris could but lose their lives, told them that if they would lay down their arms, they could march out unmolested. The Chief replied, ***Ta na fafai tonu—ake, ake, ake, ake***; "we shall fight on—for ever, for ever, for ever." Finally the country was divided, and the few Maoris who did not wish to mix with the English had a part set aside for themselves. Within the last few years this district has been thrown open once more, as the present-day Maoris do not want to keep aloof.

The last great battle was a legal one. By the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840 the Maoris received all the rights and privileges of British citizens and were confirmed in the possession of their land and of their fishing rights in all streams and lakes. Then the Treaty faded from our minds. Rainbow trout were introduced into New Zealand, and Lake Rotorua, an area of about 16 squre miles, became a popular fishing centre. An expert fisherman could catch about 80 lbs. of trout a day with a rod and line. Then the Arawa tribe stepped forward and made their claim. This was in 1920. The case was referred to the Privy Council, and the Maoris won it and receive £ 5,000 a year rent for the lake.

The Maoris send members to Parliament in proportion to their numbers—always Chiefs. One of these generally has a Cabinet position, and once a Maori Chief was acting Premier for some months. These Chiefs are the most wonderful orators—they could make a fortune by lecturing on the customs, legends and songs of their people.

There is no colour line in New Zealand. Although there are special schools for the Maoris, the difference of language making it desirable, yet wherever convenience requires it, Maoris and white children attend the same school, live in the same hostel, and often the Maori will be appointed Games Captain of the school.

Friendly dignity, charm of manner, capacity for taking the lead in the ordinary daily round—such qualities will take a race far.

ON CHARITY TO THE BRAHMIN

BY AN EX-RESEARCH SCHOLAR

THE Brahmin has been from time immemorial deemed the most fitting, and on many occasions in the Hindu household, the only possible recipient of gifts. An ideal Brahmin was expected to lead a life of plain living and high thinking. He was to dedicate himself to hard learning and pious preaching, and was on that account entitled to be supported by other classes engaged in lucrative pursuits. The donors were but honouring themselves and earning post-mortal benefits by their gifts to worthy Brahmins. Atonement for sins, particularly of the lighter variety, came, in course of time, to be promised in several religious texts in return for feeding Brahmins. From this it was an easy transition to believe in the idea of alms to any Brahmin as a passport to salvation. The increase in the demand for recipients should have had a share in the rise of a class of Brahmins whose main vocation was to receive gifts and bless their benefactors.

While the great Hindu law-givers enjoined the gratuitous feeding of Brahmins as a sacred duty on others, they were not sparing in their condemnation of those who fed ignorant Brahmins. "The king shall punish the village feeding ignorant Brahmins; for it feeds robbers," is the fierce pronouncement attributed to Vasishta. But the qualifications prescribed for the Brahmin and the warnings uttered against almsgiving to the undeserving have been set at naught by the donors no less than by the recipients. The degenerate devourer of alms of to day is still regarded as the representative of the ideal Brahmin by several pious folk. A number of religious feasts and ceremonies are occasions for feeding or doling out gifts to Brahmins and expiating thereby not only one's own but one's ancestors' sins.

While the well-to-do Brahmin, who is also exhorted to do his mite to the deserving brothren of his community, feeds them directly in his own house, the non-Brahmin

has to dole out cash or raw food-stuffs (*Sadhabharts*), or arrange for their feeding otherwise. Landed or other property may be endowed, the income from which may be utilised for feeding Brahmins on stated occasions. We have in this idea the genesis of the large number of endowed charities all over India. In the City of Madras alone, an analysis of the figures of endowed charities compiled in the Collector's Office shows that there is provision for the feeding of 200 Brahmins per day. Far greater should be the number of beneficiaries in unendowed charities and of individuals supplied with food or foodstuffs in Hindu households in the City.

The Brahmin, while he might graciously receive gifts to appease the religious craving of the pious, was forbidden to go a-begging to satisfy his own physical craving, which was said to be the mark of the *Sudra* in whom *tamas* or darkness prevailed. We have, however, no lack of mendicants among Brahmins, though their number in cities is inconsiderable by the side of that of other beggars. Men and women are said to follow *unchivrithi* (profession of gleaning rice) when they scour the town with a brass *chembu* to collect rice in the morning, restricting their visits to Brahmin houses. A Samskrit verse proclaims the presence of the stranger in the house, and the vessel is filled, with little exchange of words in the course of a round lasting for two or three hours. A few bachelor boys—students of English Schools, not of Samskrit *patasalas* as they should be—solicit *biksha* or cooked rice of the Brahmin housewife. Another well-known type of Brahmin mendicant is the *yachakan* who is generally an indefatigable traveller and an extravagant flatterer. He demands something in aid of his performing a pilgrimage or the marriage of his daughter or the *upanayanam* of his boy. He does not confine his attention to Brahmin patrons but freely resorts to the rich of other classes—particularly the Vysias. He is now-a-days often dismissed with a sneer by the English educated Brahmin, while the Vysia merchant, more loyal to the old faith, does not turn him out. Though he discovers the deception practised by several of the *yachakars*,

he persists in giving; only he tries to hedge it round by clever devices to minimise deception. But the *yachakan* is now a less familiar figure in our cities.

While these are the special types of Brahmin beggars, we meet a number of this community along with common beggars in public places like temples and railway stations. That they are reduced to the common lot of beggars is perhaps a sign of the times.

But as long as Brahmins are sought after and fed, for they are believed to minister in their own passive way to the religious wants of the donors and are thought indispensable on some occasions, it is ungracious to fall foul of these victims of Hindu society. Reform must begin with the donors. The old social reform movement and the recent non-Brahmin movement have not yet revolutionised men's–and particularly women's–views on charity. The old idea is so deeply rooted in Hindu minds that many a leader who used to challenge the secular and spiritual authority of the Brahmin and cry down the whole fabric of superstition as the work of the wily Brahmin could not have the courage to give up the customary dole. Indeed, a few early leaders of the movement, that made the educated and 'political' Brahmin the target of their attack, affected a naive sympathy for the uneducated and unsophisticated Brahmin who would stretch out his hands to receive their gracious alms.

Though the rank and file of non-Brahmins may entertain similar sentiments to the poor Brahmin, there is an unmistakably growing volume of opinion against him on the part of the younger generation of non-Brahmins. The aggressive manifestation of self-respect on the part of the latter is already forcing the Brahmin to find his level. In several towns, charity even on occasions of anniversaries, doled out in the past almost exclusively to Brahmins, is now increasingly diverted to institutions like Annadana Samajams which feed only the disabled poor, irrespective of caste or creed. The South Indian States, which had in the past been lands of promise to many a broken Brahmin in British India, have been drastically cutting down the free feeding of Brahmins in *chattrams* or *oottupuras*.

None, however, is more conscious than the average poor Brahmin, who is a self-respecting and intelligent person, of the growing tendency to disestablishment of the old charities. He knows full well that the palmy days of priestcraft are over. With a feverish anxiety he has been striving—even if by begging—to give his son some English education which in the past raised many from the status of beggary. In fact, the tendency of begging to become hereditary is least noticeable in this class. He does not resort to the modern institutions affording relief to the poor; nor are his children found in orphanages.

His will to live better is, however, impeded by new difficulties. The learned professions are overcrowded; new rules of communal representation in the Services offer little chance for the entry of Brahmin youths of poor parentage. But the aversion to manual labour is abating; and several young men, with the zeal of converts, are eager to take to any unorthodox occupation like salesmanship or motor-driving or any kind of field-service. Even here their birth seems to be a handicap, and they suffer vicarious punishment for the sins of their forefathers. But we are straying far from our central issue.

The situation provokes certain fundamental questions, so far as the relief of the poor Brahmin is concerned. Will the Brahmin community be prepared to merge itself with the rest of the Hindu society in all social matters? Or, if it wishes to preserve its individuality and nourish its peculiar habits and customs, will the prosperous members of the community see to the relief of the poor by their own united and voluntary efforts, even as the Jews of Europe are marvellously looking after their own poor? Next, in order to help keep its members above physical want and assure some decent comfort without any extraneous aid, will it recommend for some the ancient method of celibacy without some of its spectacular rigours, or adopt the modern device of birth-control which is the line of least resistance? Surely this is better than a 'policy' of drift.

LORD BYRON*

BY F. H. ALDHOUSE (IRELAND)

THAT every man is 'born free and equal'—a statement of Rosseau—is untrue, is now realised. It was a slogan of the French Revolution. How very unfree heredity can make us, how unequal, we are to every other human being, a study of biography will prove.

M. Andre Maurois' brilliant study of George Gordon, Lord Byron, shows us a little boy without a doubt as unfortunate an heredity as it was possible to have. On his father's side he was descended from about as eccentric a set of human beings outside a mental home, as circumstances could produce. On his mother's, passionate, ill-balanced but canny, they appear to have had at intervals flashes of the tenebrous light of the most pessimistic Calvanism for religious guidance. Whether the Byrons had any religious scruples at all may be doubted. At least 'Little Sir John Byron, with the great beard' had no qualms in taking Newstead Abbey from which the monks had been expelled by Henry VIII, but which they were still believed to haunt—the ghost of one was seen by a modern eye-witness quite recently.

However, the two families were united by the marriage of 'Mad' Jack Byron to Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight. A contemporary Scots poet wrote of it—

O whar are ye ga'on, bonny Miss Gordon,
O whaur are ye ga'on, sae bonny and braw.
Ye've married, ye' married wi' Jhonny Byron
To squander the lands of Gight awa'.

A prophecy which was speedily fulfilled. The child of this ill-starred union was the subject of M. Maurois' book, the poet Lord Byron.

A peculiarly bright little boy, with a lame foot. A child sometimes almost smotherd by his mother's passionate

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* A review of Andre Maurois' book "Byron" published by Jonathan Cape, London.

caresses, at others flying from her crazy fury as fast as his lameness would permit, while she, squat and fearsome, chased him all over the house, 'the gnome hunting the the fairy'; did she capture him, a brutal spanking of his naked body followed. But as she frequently had been having 'a wee drapee' he sometimes escaped to hide till she had forgotten what her anger was about.

His nurse, a Calvanist of the sternest orthodoxy, though in other respects a cruel and dissipated character, Mary Gray, filled the imaginative and sensitive little mind with the doctrine of Predestination in its blackest and ugliest form. Lord Byron never forgot that teaching; he seems to have always believed that it was Christianity. It can be found in 'Cain' and 'Manfred' and others of his plays and poems.

Coming as a boy to Newstead, Byron was to form an unrequited love, a love passionate and remantic, for his near neighbour Mary Chaworth. A study of Lord Byron's life will show that this passion which was not returned, but encouraged by its object, influenced all his later life unfavourably.

He went to Harrow, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. When in the latter, his tutor warned another student, "Do not excite Lord Byron, for his passions are most tumultuous, Sir." A true description of his personality in both seats of learning, and from every point of view.

It is remarkable how fate turned against nearly all his friends, how tragedy and early death was their portion. His first love, Mary Chaworth, now Mrs. Musters, went mad, his boy friends died early and in some cases, violently.

The lines of Thomas Moore—

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower
But it was sure to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle
To charm me with its dark brown age.
But when it grew to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.

are known to have been written about his friend and brother-poet Byron's experience in life. Of Lord Byron as a poet, each one must judge for himself, *de gustibus non disputandum.*

But his sensuous and solemn verse, now sarcastic, now melancholy—always melodious—has, and will ever have, its admirers and lovers and imitators.

M. Maurois writes at great length of Lord Byron's relations to women, especially to Augusta Leigh; in them Lord Byron outraged even the susceptibilities of a non-moral age. It is sufficient, I think, to say that he was undoubtedly not sane on that as on several other points. Heredity, a taste for brandy, and a wish to deliberately outrage a society he at one and the same moment loved and detested explains much.

An undoubted eccentric mentality inherited from both his father 'Mad' Jack, and his queer mother, covers the rest. God knows all, to Him alone is nothing hid. Lord Byron married a woman, in no way a fit mate for him (would any woman have been that?). She was good, kind, pure, and he made her life a living Hell.

Having driven her long-suffering affection to leave him at last, his taste for sentimentalism wrote these well-known lines:

> Fare thee well and if for ever,
> Still for ever fare thee well.
> E'en though unforgiving, never
> 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
>
> Though my many faults defaced me,
> Could no other arm be found
> Than the one which once embraced me,
> To inflict a cureless wound?

"A cureless wound" is decidedly rich when we see his subsequent behaviour in Venice, Ravenna and elsewhere. But to judge Lord Byron is no easy matter; as M. Maurois suggests, there were several Lord Byrons, no "Dr. Jenkyl and Mr. Hyde". There were several Dr Jenkyls and at least half a dozen Mr. Hydes. But Lord Byron undoubtedly rose to the occasion when Greece prepared

to cast off her Turkish yoke. He will always live a hero in Greek memory; he spent his money, his genius, all that he had in the service of that land of his boyhood's dreams.

His handling of mutinous and savage soldiery when they wished to murder a helpless prisoner and he saved him from their hands, show us a man possessed of both courage and generosity.

His death at Missolonghi redeems much, nor was that death in vain. His call was heard by Europe and at Navareno the English, French and Russian fleets annihilated the Turkish, and Greece lived a free nation once again. His servant Fletcher said of him: "Even if my lord was a little odd, he had a kind heart". Well, servants do see us very closely.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.
They ask but leave to labour for a taste of life's delight,
For a little salt to savour their bread, for houses watertight.
They ask but the right to labour and to live by the strength of their hands,
They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like the sea sands,
And the right of a man to labour, and his right to labour in joy
Not all your laws can strangle that right nor the gates of hell destroy,
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

Edwin Markham *(in an American paper).*

FRESH LIGHT ON DARWIN'S THEORY

BY C. V. H. RAO, M. A., B. ED.

CHARLES Darwin, throughout his years of patient work, turned the powers of his all-embracing world to seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. He came in the end to believe that the diversity of living things has been the result of a number of small changes continually added to one another in this or that living thing. The way in which this process worked might be compared with the manner in which a great master of chess is said to have won his games by the accumulation of small advantages. In the same way, one form of life, having discovered by chance that this or that addition to its structure was an advantage in keeping it alive, kept up the advantage, though it might have been an accidental one in the beginning. The next generation, starting with this advantage, might add another small one; and so the race went on adding advantage to advantage till the outcome was a form of life greatly or entirely different from the form from which it sprang up and diverged.

Thus new species of living things would arise. This way of accounting for the origin of species became known as Evolution, implying thereby that new races were born of old ones.

There is no reason for considering that there was either a denial or a belittling of the supreme omnipotence of the Creator in this method of explaining the doctrine of Evolution. It was Darwin's view, and it must be the view of every one who looks at the theory in a dispassionate way, that he paid higher homage to God in supposing that He put forms of life on the Earth with power to change, to ascend, to work out their own salvation, than in asserting that God created the Earth and every living thing with no power to change, evolve, or improve, but eternally steryotyped on its first form with all its limitations. The famous last sentence in his great book makes this belief quite clear. He wrote:

There is a grandeur in this view of life (as stated above), with its several powers having been breathed originally by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone on.........from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

That was Darwin's most profound conviction; and by its side, the question of the lines of descent from one form of life to another would not have seemed to his great, catholic and tolerant understanding to be of so much prominence. Certainly he thought, after years of industrious examination of all the facts and materials he could gather, that one form of life so much resembled another that he might conclude that they were all closely allied, or that one was evolved from the other, or that both were descended from the same ancestor.

The particular example which Darwin considered was the resemblances between the great apes and man. And because he cited these resemblances and suggested that man might have been, and probably was, an ape-like creature at one of the stages of the Earth's history, this part of his theory was seized on to discredit the rest. We need not revive those old and unfair arguments and controversies. It is sufficient to say that Darwin, who was always readier to listen to the recital of any new facts which seemed to disprove his theories than to those which confirmed them, would have been the first to welcome any new knowledge which shed light on the yet unfathomed problems of heredity or on the particular case of man's ancestry.

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Those who know best how knowledge is indebted to Darwin for his matchless collection and arrangement of facts and his observations of life and living things, will always regret that he could not bring his penetrating and luminous intellect to bear on the new facts that have been discovered since his day. Some of the most absorbing of these have been the discoveries of the skulls of ancient men who lived at what we must suppose to be the very beginning of the appearance of the human race. In the nineteenth century, the skulls and other remains of many ancient men were found, men of the Neanderthal Valley, apemen

still older than those in Java and the still older men in the valleys of France.

The anthropologists of Darwin's day, or those who were nearly his contemporaries, assigued ages of tens of thousands of years to these skulls. Their owners might have been in Europe or in Asia some hundred thousand years ago. But towards the close of the nineteenth century the dawn of man's first coming was pushed farther and farther back, because to that century belongs the discovery of fossil man throughout the quarternary period of the stratified rocks—quarternary fossil man. With the twentieth century comes the attempt to show that man existed before then and that we may speak of tertiary fossil man, who takes us back a million years behind the limit of the Quarternary man. That might be accounted merely as an extension of the length of time which man has walked the Earth, successive discoveries having merely pushed the arrival of the Dawn man farther back.

There was no attempt on the part of those who found or examined these fossil skulls to get away from the idea which Darwin put forward sixty years ago with all the general knowledge of two generations in between then and now. His idea was that man's ancestor was some sort of an ape not far from a lliocene chimpanzee. Darwin concluded his speculation with the suggestion that the foot was then pretensible, and that our progenitors were arboreal in their habits and frequented some warm forest-clod land.

When a fossil skull was recently found in China and was declared by its discoverer to be of about the same age as the Pithecanthropus Erectus of Java, the suggestion was not at first mooted that here was a relic which broke away from the idea of ape descent. The idea which Darwin had put forward of an ape-man descent was still not abandoned, though with Darwin it was never more than a working idea which he employed solely because the anthropoid apes approach closer to men in structure, physiology and habit than any other group of animals. We may go further and say that, although sixty years

have added a vast number of facts which Darwin never knew, the idea is not abandoned even now. Sir Arthur Keith still holds it and declares that anyone who rejects the ape as an ancestor has to explain away a tremendous number of facts. There are, for example, the resemblances in the brains of human beings and anthropoids such as exist in no other groups. The blood of both is similar; it gives the same chemical reactions. The mental reactions of the great authropoids are the nearest to those of man; and further, as Sir A. Keith says, the further we trace man back in time the more like an anthropoid he becomes.

Now there has arisen another view, however, the rather surprising assertion of the most learned of all American zoologists, Dr. Fairfield Osborn. Dr. Osborn is the leading apostle of a new idea that is coming into the world that man did not pass through an ape-like stage, that he did not dwell in the trees of the forest, but that he was a living human being of true human characteristics at the time when the anthropoid apes were still developing. In short, they are not his ancestors, but his ancestry is independent of theirs, and the further back we go through time the more proofs of his appear and the less probability is there of finding any proof to the contrary.

Dr. Osborn has two lines of attack in putting forward the new idea at the expense of the old one. The first is the antiquity of these ancient men whose fossil skulls yield the evidence noted above: he will not agree that the further they take us back the greater the resemblance to the anthropoid ape. He will not have it that Pithecanthropus was an ape-man; he was, Dr. Osborn says, a true pro-man, a Dawn man. He had brain power, he walked erect, he thought as a man, he probably spoke as a man, although his vocabulary was limited. Such men, he contends had an ancestry of men stretching far beyond the half million years of the quarternary period, and he says that there are true men in the Tertiary Age. He cites the discoveries of Mr. Reid Moir in the Red Crag of East Anglia, now confirmed and accepted as proof that man was making flint instruments at the beginning of the quarternary period and

at the end of the Tertiary Age. Therefore, he concludes, man must have been an intelligent creature as far back as in the Tertiary Age. We can look back on him, therefore, a million and a quarter years ago as a true man, a thinking man, with a man's intelligent mastery of his tools, with speech, and with a mind incomprably removed from any ape that ever roamed the Earth or ever will. The earliest man we can find was a tool-making, intelligent being who could run.

The last three words lead us to Dr. Osborn's second line of attack. It begins with the prehensible big toe, in which Darwin saw a resemblance to the grasping foot by which the anthropoid ape holds on to branches. Dr. Osborn asserts on the authority of all that has been learned and understood in the last sixty years that evolution never goes back. If a foot or a hand has a special aptitude, such as that of grasping a bough, it cannot lose its nerves and muscles which gave the hand or foot these powers "and then replace them by others for other purposes". It could not lose the ape's specialised hand and then replace it by one quite different, and it could not lose the tree-climbing foot and replace it by one that could walk and run flat on the ground. Tertiary man was making tools with his wonderful hands and running with swift feet on the plains while the anthropoid apes were continuing in the branches.

Dr. Osborn does not attempt to deny that ages before those to which man's ancestry can be traced, this wonderful and almost divine being may have had an ancestor far more humble and much more animal-like, with little in him or it to indicate the brain and the powers that were to be evolved. But he does maintain that neither human leg nor foot, neither the human hand nor the human arm, retain traces of the grasping foot and the big toe of the apes or of their thumbless hands; and he points to the immense antiquity of the human brain as the decisive test of dissimilarity. It is, however, in no spirit of rebellion against authority but in honest protest that he raises his voice against what appears to him the myth and bogey of the ape-man.

MIDDLE CLASS UNEMPLOYMENT

BY K. RAMACHANDRAN, B. A.

UNEMPLOYMENT among the educated middle classes is a grave menace to the social well-being and economic prosperity of India. It is growing in intensity, but no radical step has been taken to combat it. Committees have been appointed to ascertain the magnitude of the problem and to suggest a solution, but the reports have been consigned to oblivion. These reports have drawn attention to the seriousness of the problem, and laid emphasis on the necessity of modifying the present system of education and on the desirability of educated men going back to the villages—two remedies which are not new. But though the present system of education is unsuited both for the cultural progress of the nation and for enabling the individual to earn a decent livelihood, it cannot be changed in a day. The cry of "back to the land" is a good idea. But all educated men are not endowed with landed property; and those who have no stake in the villages may not be expected to go back to the land.

Any solution to this problem to be effective should enable all classes of the educated population to take to useful vocations and thus contribute to the economic prosperity of the nation, the rehabilitation of social life and the revival of village industries. The talk of industrialising the country, starting technological colleges and establishing industries is all good. But they are big schemes which take time for fruition. In trying to offer help to the unemployed we are faced with the problem of securing for them some work immediately to earn their livelihood, these schemes resemble a doctor's advice of a tonic for a patient who is sinking.

Before a solution could be worked out, however, the educated men of our country should first revise their notions of work. Some of them think it derogatory to start a small shop or do any commercial business; they do not

view likewise an appointment in a firm on a monthly salary of Rs. 40 or even less. But independent work is more dignified than service at any time, and the value of culture does not lie in a salaried job as a clerk. We cannot have better examples of educated men taking to business than Lord Birkenhead or Mr. Baldwin. Fortunately, the unmeaning craze for jobs is rapidly running its course. There are now none waiting for the ever increasing number of educated men. Those who want to lead an easy-going life as lawyers or as members of other intellectual professions and can wait till they succeed in getting money will, of course, try their luck. But the vast majority cannot do so but must put their hands to something useful as a means of helping themselves.

The possibilities of harnessing the unemployed to rural reconstruction and to small industries are immense. Big industries need large capital and expert technical assistance, but small industries can be started on small capital and without much technical guidance. Manufacture of ink, matches, porcelain-ware, toys, artistic works in clay, soap-making, button-making, knitting and hundreds of small industries can be started with small capital. The unemployed men can themselves contribute the necessary capital. Those among them who have specialised in the science subjects can be placed in charge of the technical side of the work and others on the business side, particularly marketing.

We talk of rural reconstruction. But so far not much has been done in this direction other than opening a few wells for a group of villages or sinking some dispensaries. Rural reconstruction extends over education, sanitation, medical relief, road building and public works. Educated men would be very useful in these departments. Could they not be made to do something tangible? One great obstacle to the scheme is finance. Much help could not be expected from the local bodies or from the Government; at best they might only make a grant. Private philanthropy should be forthcoming, and the villages also might be asked to contribute something towards the cost of the scheme. The graduates in arts, teaching, medicine,

agriculture and engineering might be paid a living wage by way of salary and made to work for adult and elementary education, sanitation and improvements of communications and public works. No capital works could be taken up under such a scheme as contemplated, but something might be done to remove illiteracy; propaganda might promote sanitation and hygiene; free advice might be given to the villagers as to the best methods of manuring, cultivation etc. and of maintaining in proper order the public works. A band of men in charge of an area could start small industries best suited to the area and work them up. The scheme should have the co-operation of the people and the Government, and, properly worked, would prove successful. The unemployed would secure a living, and social reconstruction would also be effected.

For the success of such a scheme the educated unemployed should organise themselves. The future of the educated population will largely depend upon the extent of their efforts to exploit the natural resources of the country and apply their genius to productive works. It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew previously is a greater benefactor to the country than the whole race of politicians. The educated man who enables, in however small a measure, to help himself and incidentally the economic improvement of the country, will be doing greater service to himself and to his country than the whole body of men in service and the professions.

——:o:——

In Tune with Peace.

With heart in tune with Peace
No hate have I,
Nor hate can sing;
I wait no clash of arms,
No battle cry;
My arms I will fling
Around my little world
And hold it still
From War's ensanguined touch
That worketh ill.

EAST AND WEST

BY P. K. SESHADRI AIYANGAR, B. A., B. L.

THE Indian Philosophy and religion have from very ancient times demonstrated man's immense possibilities in this world and the next. The greatest tribute to the inner potentialities of man in realising the spirit in thought idea or intution far beyond the sensuous, cosmic stuff is to be found in the speculative philosophy of the Indian through the ages. Long long ago, the synthetic vision of the Indian mystics had adopted a certain standard of values and placed the transcendentalist view of life far above the active and restless life of the world of nature. In the search for the true and the real the Indian saw through the various *koshas* or sheaths hiding the eternal one. The *Upanishads* have propounded the theory of the five vestures of the soul beyond which is the light of the self that irradiates all processes. The *annamaya* sheath and the *pranamaya* sheath have been stated to be the two outer *koshas* beneath which lie the *manomaya* and *vijnanamaya* sheaths. At the farther end is the *Anandamaya Kosha* which man has to pierce through to become one—bliss which is pure, undifferenced beatitude where subject-object relations have ceased to be. Now here is a statement in the language of metaphysics of the doctrine of the unreal reality of the world of nature beyond which alone truth lies hidden.

Modern atomic physics has completely verified the results of metaphysical speculations as to the unreality of the world in the sense of its unmateriality. The scientist has arrived at a stage in his investigation of the structure of the cosmos, where he conceives of "matter" as made up of atoms which are "doomed to destruction and must in time dissolve away into radiation":

> The solid earth and the eternal hills will melt away as surely..............
>
> The cloud-clapped towers, the gorgeous palaces
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself

> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And.........leave not a wreck behind.‡

And if the universe amounts to nothing more than this, shall we carry on the quotation

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep,—

or shall we not?

Matter has ceased to be entitled to be called a "thing" in nature. "All sorts of events happen in the physical world, but tables and chairs, the sun and the moon, and even our daily bread, have become pale abstractions, mere laws exhibited in the succession of events which radiate from certain regions." *

Having testified to the unreality of the world, the scientist stops there and cannot answer the further question "whither man-kind?" owing to the obvious limitations of his professions. He is never sure of anything relating to man and his goal as he is afraid that the statement of science at one stage is supplemented by a still greater approximation to truth at a later stage of the inquiry. The statement of the rule aforementioned is as scientific as that of the metaphyscian who spoke of the ultimate truth as *satyasya satyam*. The region of the speculative philosopher is vaster and not less accurate than that in which the scientist functions. Experiment, on which science bases its title to acceptance, is not the sole monopoly of the scientist. Indian Philosophy has held out for acceptance its dogmas of metaphysics on the sure basis of their having been worked in practice and found true. "The authority of a *sastra* is determined by the question whether Siddhi is gained through its provisions or not. It is not enough that Shiva Uvacha (Shiva says) is writ on it. The test is that of Ayurveda. A medicine is true only if it cures. The Indian test for everything is actual experience." §

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‡ Sir James Jeaus "The Universe Around Us." page 190.

* Betrand Russel "An Outline of Philosophy." page 112.

§ Sir John Woodroffe "Shakti and Shakta."

The philosophy of Buddhism offers many parallels to the conclusions of modern science and metaphysics. Buddha the Enlightened propounded his doctrine of the momentariness of fleeting events which are to be inferred because of their existence. "Thus whatever is, is momentary (or fluxional) like a bank of clouds and all these things are." †

Nature is always in a state of flux, and it is only by the fact of its being is its existence proved. The final ultimate of matter is best described in terms of energy or radiation which does not occupy any position in space and whose possible states or configurations are discontinuous and not gradual. The difficulty of accepting the doctrine of momentariness as valid has been felt by Ramanuja and forcibly expounded by him in his commentary on the *Brahma Sutras*. He says that the origination of the world cannot be accounted for on the view of the momentariness of all existence. At the time when the subsequent momentary existence originates the preceeding momentary existence has passed away, and it cannot therefore stand in a casual relation towards the subsequent one. §

In other words, the objection to the maintainability of the momentariness view is that it offends the law of causality. Buddha taught that all life was a series of processes or events but not a thing transmigrating from existence to existence through the alternations of life and death. Life is, according to him, a play of energy or force succeeding each other in discontinuous processes. But as a mere empirical explanation of the apparent continuousness of the world process, the theory of causation is set up not so much as an explanation as to why events happen as they do but as a description of the course of events in a logical manner in terms of cause and effect. This is enough to set aside the criticism of Ramanuja based on the theory of causality respecting the doctrine of momentariness. Now what has modern science got to say in respect of these

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† Sarvadarsana Sangraha. Translated by Cowell and Gough

§ Ramamja's Commentary on the Vedanta Sutras. Sacred Books of the East. page 503.

metaphysical concepts? "Matter has ceased to be a thing and has become merely a mathematical characteristic of the relations between complicated logical structures composed of atoms."[1]

William Hass put the point beautifully by saying: "Just as the physical world consists of atoms so the life of the soul consists of mere sensations which coalesce like atoms according to the law of cause and effect into complexes of apparent constancy and meaning and then disintegrate again."[2]

That is why Prof. Radhakrishnan has said of Buddhism that "in its fundamental ideas and essential spirit it approximates remarkably to the advanced scientific thought of the nineteenth century".[3]

The latest scientific and astronomical theories have not been able to offer any challenge to the cosmological speculations of the *Upanishads*. The *Aitraya Upanishad* says: "(All) this was only one *atman* at first. There was nothing else active. He thought I shall create worlds. He created the worlds etc. etc."[4]

Sankara explains these passages by saying that "name and form, one with the unmanifested *atman* and denoted by the same word *atman* can well be the material causes of the manifested universe......It may be *more properly* said that just as an intelligent juggler without any other material cause creates himself in another form as travelling in the air, so the omniscient and the omnipotent *atman*, the great conjurer, creates himself as other than himself in the form of the universe."

The authors of the *Upanishads* have in similar but differently worded poetic imageries regarded "the universe as a thought in the mind of its Creator, thereby reducing all discussion of material creation to futility."[5]

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1 Betrand Russel "An Outline of Philosophy" p. 290.
2 "What is European Civilisation" p. 36,
3 "Indian Philosophy" Vol. I p 342.
4 Translated by S. Sitharama Sastry B. A.
5 Sir James Jeaus "The Universe Around Us."

European civilisation has come to a position wherefrom it looks upon man as a mere unit in the cosmic stuff with no part or lot in the final evolution of life into the divine moment. Man has indeed by an unconscious effort of his own assigned to himself a place under the sun complimentary neither to himself nor to his Maker. Betrand Russel, the foremost representative of the new cult of realism, has given a new orientation to the scope of philosophy by stating that "man on his own account is not the true subject matter of philosophy. What concerns philosophy is the universe as a whole." In his relentless logic, in his free use of mathematical concepts and of the conclusions of science, he has come to the conclusion that man counts for nothing in the making up of the universe and becomes extinct at death. Such tragic situations in the march of speculative effort towards unravelling the mystery of the universe do but serve as whips for further efforts towards a true understanding of man as holding a beyond within his finitude. Man has need to be reclaimed from the soulless machanism of nature and assigned a position wherefrom he can with conscious purpose create his world of spirit and attune himself to a life in the spirit world of his creation. The time has arrived when man has to take stock of all his achievements in science and metaphysics and to restate his position in the economy of the universe. We have tried to show how in essentials western science and Indian metaphysics have mutually corroborated their conclusions. Hence a concerted march to the goal of all endeavour is sure to shorten the track of eons of divided attacks on the citadel of the supreme.

Is the ideal man of the future to be of the Greek type? To the Greek the ideal man was one in whom there was a harmonious blending of body, mind and soul, wherein any excessive development of the one over the other was discouraged and condemned. The man thus moulded on the conscious limitation of all excesses gave promise of a capacity to look beyond and of a tendency to gaze on the Infinite. More than that it was not for him to achieve. This is demonstrated in the conception of classical art

which Hegel describes as one in which "we find the free and adequate embodiment of the spiritual idea in the form most suitable to it and with it meaning and expression are in perfect accord."

In the Middle Ages the one dominant note that was struck regarding man has been distinctly to his detriment. Man has regarded himself as far less than human in the scale of existences and appealed for deliverence on the ground that he was too low to stoop to conquer. Nothing ennobling could be expected from a view which sanctifies pain as the only incentive to life. Did not the founder of the Order of the Sacred Heart speak in this vein? Self-depreciation ceases to be noble when it throws man into the arms of despair and impotence and idolises the miserableness of his existence. Under such conditions man cannot draw himself out in all his fullness and no room is left for his broadening into the limitless one by successive advances from precedent to precedent.

In the coming world-renaissance the Vedantic man should be reinstalled as the ideal man. He is truly the representative man, the ideal for all times in all ages and in all climes. He is the microcosm, the self of all, a being who is filled with the divinity that binds the diverse cosmos. In him lies the possibility of developing from the human to the divine and to him is given the joy that arises from a communion with the one without a second that shines by its own light. He rises not from error to truth. He rises from truth to greater truth. This conception of man as the promise of divinity bursting out of the bounds of the flesh found its expression in the ancient *Upanishads*. This was the starting point of all further speculative effort and now forms the A. B. C. of Indian Philosophy. This view-point is slowly but surely getting its foothold in the West and will surely hasten the millennium. One great writer has characterised this dawn of the ancient morn in the western horizon as involving a "Copernican revolution as profound and far-reaching as that which reorganised all our astronomical thinking. Man can hardly be considered as a 'poor man of the dust' if he has a capacity for God and can

become an organ of divine revelation." He is the Lord of himself and in the vein of the Prometheus of Shelley exclaims :

> Yet am I king over myself and rule
> The torturing and conflicting throngs within.

He has the boundless freedom to intuite the reality. He can hear the music of the voice of the silence and can "listen through the night when sound was none". He is, to quote the words of Mrs. Shelley, "a regenerator, who, unable to bring mankind to primitive innocence uses knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil by leading mankind beyond the state wherein they are sinless through ignorance to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom." He is the ideal of the *Bodi Satwa* who scorns individual deliverance but can only take part in a mass attack towards the attainment of *Nirvana*.

A fusion of cultures is a distinct tendency of modern scientific progress. Science has flung aside all geographical limitations in its search for the truth. It has democratised knowledge and draws freely from all directions regardless of race or country.

Now the time is ripe for a collective movement wherein numbers and brute force do not count but where the units composing the army of advance are determined by cultural attainments. Has not India an honoured place in this march to freedom? Assuredly she has, and from this united effort of both Western Science and Eastern Spiritualism will arise a new civilisation in which "the vigour of European action will be united to the serenity of Asiatic thought".[1] Then there shall be

> Neither east nor west
> Border nor breed nor birth
> When two strong men stand face to face
> Though they come from the ends of the earth[2].

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1 Romain Rolland.
2 Rudyard Kipling.

THE INSANITY THAT WAS TIMELY

A Short Story

BY K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

I

THE official telegram stood staring him in the face. It was curt, it was peremptory. There seemed to be no loop-hole of escape. He that had times without number thrown such official circulars and recurring reminders into the waste-paper basket with the unconcern of a detached demigod, now found a similar expedient impossible. What was he to do? There he was, known all Tinnevelly over, the Head-Clerk of the Pauri Registrar's Office for quite a quarter of a century—Mr. Ponnu Pillai with aquiline nose and bushy eyebrows. He was about fifty now. The once dark hair was turning incredibly grey. The once swift step that had set the Registrar's Office all alert and astir was slow and uncertain, feeble to a fault. The same old Ponnu now, only ageing against remorse and complaining of the younger generation persistently knocking at the door.

During the first twenty years of Ponnu's enormous clerical career there was none more in the good books of his superiors nor one more hated by those serving as assistants under him. He knew how to extract work from others: he was wonderfully active himself. These two precious assets made him an invaluable sub-satellite of the official hierarchy. One lift followed another with astounding rapidity, and within five years of his confirmation, he was elevated, peered as he was by green glasses all round, to the Head-Clerk-ship of the Tinnevelly Main Division, Pauri Registrar's Court. Ponnu hadn't the least doubt that he was one born to succeed in the end: but even he, conscious as he was of his uncommon abilities, couldn't be blind to the ease with which he had succeeded and succeeded so early in life. He was determined to show that success did become him: that success, as was fitting, was only his

lawful heritage: that success, as was no less fitting, was only a necessary corollary to his pre-eminent qualities.

But he was ageing. The work of two busy decades at the incorrigible clerical desk had made its inevitable mark on him. His spirits, once high-soaring, now licked the bottom rung of care, and he perceptibly sighed for the virility that was gone. Weary and outworn, a wreck almost of his former self, of the man of energy now defunct, he sat wonderingly at his desk. Circulars, reminders, records, they were pouring in as usual. From the four ends of the District they came. But they failed to receive the usual attention. He that would dash off lines with intrepid speed, scattering recommendations, decisions and disposals with the wild fury of the fabulous Ate, now, impossible as it seemed to him, sat blinking vaguely and ruefully at the official jargon in its interminable manifestations. Well, if he could not act, he could at least let things slide. He slipped, after the courageous struggle of weeks with principles and qualms of conscience, lower and lower the inclined plane, at the bottom of which lay that spotless code of conduct. Yes, he let things slide with indifference—the forced indifference of the beast at bay.

For quite a time it went on very well. Dame Rumour wagged her tongue: but it was stilled. Surely, Ponnu Pillai was above suspicion. Bah! 'tis ridiculous to say he's not prompt! If prompt he was not, what else was he? So reasoned the upper rungs of the official ladder, and they too let things slide. Thus our hero was gathering around himself an unwholesome mass of heterogeneous rubbish, growing in volume as the months imperceptibly rolled on the highway of Time. As the strange mass accumulated, the humorous situation grew less and less comic. There were already two hundred and seventy three registration enquiries ranging over a period of nigh four years,—and they had yet to be answered. What with the reminders from private and official origin, of these and many other matters urging instant disposal, the poor age-worn clerk was deluged, literally deluged with unsavoury

stuff that gazed at him with sinister entreaty and dumb reproach. But he had a peerless virtue too—if virtue it could be called. He magnanimously managed to float on the surface cheerfully, with a smile at every turn, a shrug at every complaint and a sneer at every new reminder insistent in tone. He devised a new machinery of disposal: he would simply throw into the waste paper basket every new reminder. After all, he asked himself, was the postal service perfect? There could be errors, miscarriages, mishaps. Surely, he didn't receive the reminders: else would he not have acted? Such jesuitry was sound enough. Ponnu Pillai drew his pay without a pang of remorse. He didn't, in fact, feel the least necessity for it.

II

There is alas! a perversity in all divine and human institutions—they change. And they change so often and at times so completely that change is often mistaken for rapid evolution or abrupt termination. The changed state is sometimes indistinguishable from the old: it is nothing less than a thorough metamorphosis. These remarks are pertinent to the story only in so far as Mr. Ponnu Pillai's *laissez faire* policy too had to come to a violent end like most misdirected policies and ill-conceived institutions. But there is not wanting sufficient romance in the story. None but the incorrigible Ponnu could have grappled with the situation the way he did. The facts are worth anybody's curiosity, and I proceed to an unbiassed account of the same.

Mr. Stirbotham, I. C. S. was the cause of all the mischief, and the most wonderful thing in it was that he did not know what he was doing. He was the newly appointed Inspector General of Registration, and, separated from his blonde wife who had refused to cross the seas, he brought to bear upon his work a singular insularity of outlook and a commendable rigidity of procedure. In fact he wanted to act like a machine perfectly finished in a German factory. (He had German blood in his veins by the way: his father had married a German widow in those pre-War days of

Teutonic brotherhood). Now machines, whatever else they can or they cannot do, can most positively be the cause of ill-timed mischief. And so it happened that Mr. Stirbotham stirred his mechanical finger to enquire into the promptness or otherwise of the execution of business in the various departmental wheels under him. The huge oily engine was set in motion. With characteristic scrupulosity, he applied oil in most unlikely parts—he questioned roundly the slackness in the motion of the Pauri Registrar's Office. Yes, the machine recorder had registered as many as three hundred letters and reminders and what not, all sent to the Registrar but not one of which had received the least attention! It was preposterous beyond measure. The I. G. hedged.

And the Registrar acted. He sent from his camping station at Natham to his trusted Ponnu a violently devastating telegram. It came. Ponnu Pillai was stunned. The charges were round. He was hemmed in on all sides. It seemed for the moment as though he was utterly crushed.

But thank God, it only seemed. As the enormity of the force relaxed, the elasticity of his innate spirit asserted itself. Quick to comprehend his situation, he was quick in action also. He spun, in the twinkling of an eye, a web of deceit with which to entangle the official hawk that had projected this inquiry. His equanimity returned and rested sweetly on his shoulders. He waited for the Registrar's return.

Meanwhile, unobserved and half-observed, he was setting fire to one important document after another, scattering the ashes here and there and piling loose sheets in corners that they might be ready for an imminent bonfire. The assistants, to the extent they understood, were puzzled. They dared not question: they dared not ventilate the news. They were watchful though. The long lean figure, as it passed and repassed the dusty corridors during the ensuing week, inspired a strange awe and commanded a perfectly quiet atmosphere. But the infinitesimal conflagrations went on—with ceremonious particularity.

When seven days later, the District Registrar's portly form and bedraggled weight leisurely strolled into the Head-Clerk's apartment, the sight that met him threw his mental balance off board. There was the man, in his left hand the latest despatch and his right hand holding a match stick just setting fire to the grey and crumpled paper. It was strange. The District Registrar cast his bewildered eyes around. The strange bewilderment grew stranger. Dark patches here, there, everywhere: mere ashes and stray light-burned slips luxuriously shooting in every direction: that was the extraordinary situation. Almost half the records in the shelves and the almirahs had disappeared. And the man was standing there with irreproachable calm–aye, smiling complacently at his master!

III

The affair precipitated an unprecedented sensation in Tinnevelly. People could scarce believe it. What! Ponnu Pillai mad? Truth was ever stranger than fiction!

It was whispered too with bated breath that a whole consignment of seven hundred and forty-three important bundles had been set fire to within one week. The truth indeed defied understanding, challenged the impotent wrath of Mr. Stirbotham. What was Mr. Stirbotham to do? Refer when he did to the old confidential queries, there was not one word of blame on Ponnu Pillai; rather, every sentence glowed with the very fire of official approbation. And yet, there he was, Mr. Pillai, supremely unconscious of the damage he had done to the complex machinery of the Registration Department. What could Mr. Stirbotham do with such a man?

What indeed? The man, of course, was duly arrested. A special medical commission examined this new-fangled lunatic. What hallucination was his that always spurred him on to a conflagratory enterprise? His past history was peered through with minute searching. His friends and relatives were cross-examined with a dogged perseverence. His private letters (he was too old-fashioned to keep a diary) were scrutinised with a deadly curiosity. All to no purpose!

Every bit of evidence tended to drive home the conviction that Ponnu Pillai's career had been spotlessly clean, that every hour of his life at the desk, he had been loyal to his office with characteristic vehemence, that he had strained every nerve, and with undoubted success, to give satisfaction to his superiors. What then? Sure, he was demented but such a calamity had been after all a necessary epilogue to the unparalleled sacrifice he had made on the altar of the Registration Department during years of incessant worry, unremitting toil, and proverbial promptitude. In a word, medicine and law exculpated him. He was sent to the Lunatic Asylum of Madras and treated there with conspicuous honour. The generous British Government granted him leave on full pay which was duly transmitted to his family. As for Ponnu Pillai, he passed his days in strange company, and even his prosaic nature found romance in abundant measure.

Fortunately the madness, if ever it was that, proved a temporary malady. Ponnu Pillai showed indubitable signs of sanity. The Warden was pleased. "It would pass off entirely in a month," he wrote to the District Registrar of Tinnevelly, whose concern for his demented Head Clerk was so much that every month he wrote for information to the Warden. To cut a long story short, Mr. Ponnu Pillai was actually discharged within a few months of his first entry into the sacred enclosure. He thought of retiring. But the District Registrar would have none of it. "At least not till I'm transferred from here," he declared with a snapping decisiveness. Ponnu Pillai, with perhaps an inward chuckle, said 'Amen'. Never had master and servant worked with such amicable adaptability. That's alas! a phenomenon rare in human history.

Mr. Ponnu Pillai retired when he was fifty three years old. He lived, however, to be an octogenarian for full six years, and when at last his strong heroic soul passed away, he had already gathered around his name a tradition, a halo,—one might say a myth, not the least of which perhaps was this one.

LOYALTY VERSUS PATRIOTISM

BY PROFESSOR P. S. RAMAKRISHNA AIYAR, M.A., L.T.
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I

LET us, in the first place, try to understand the signification of the terms—loyalty and patriotism. By 'loyalty' we mean faithfulness or devotion to one's sovereign or Government, whatever its nature may be, Monarchy, Aristocracy or Democracy. This faithfulness to sovereign or Government implies, on one's part, a willing obedience to its laws and acquiesance in its measures, a cheerful response to its demands and co-operation with it in all necessary ways, as well as an alacrity and readiness to come to its support and rescue as and when occasion demands. It has, therefore, to be stressed that loyalty is a virtue that is directly related te the Crown or Government, and seeing how essential Government is to the well-being and progress of a country, it is indeed a virtue of supreme importance. In our own country it is well known that loyalty has, from time immemorial, been held to be a sacred and sublime virtue, seeing that, according to our Sastras, there is a divinity hedging round the monarch.

By patriotism, we mean, love of country or nation, and devotion to its weal. Whereas loyalty has reference to the Government of a country, patriotism has reference to a nation or community. Government is but an instrument or institution of the community to achieve certain ends. It may be altered, adapted or even scrapped, by the community as it suits its purposes. The loyalist is devoted to the Government, the patriot to the country or nation. Loyalty and patriotism need not necessarily go together. One may be a loyalist while being a patriot and *vice versa*.

Patriotism may be generated by various causes and may, accordingly, manifest itself in various ways. It may often spring from a geographical root and be linked to the

geographical or physical features of a country, especially if they be lovely or impressive or inspiring in their nature. We all remember Shakepeare's patriotic song of England :—

> This royal throne of kings, this scepted isle,
> ....
> This other Eden, demi-paradise
> This fortress built by nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> ....
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it the office of a wall,
> etc. etc.

Or let us hear our own national song—*Bande Mataram* :-

> My Motherland, I sing
> Her splendid streams, her glorious trees
> The Zephyr from the far-off Vindyan heights,
> Her fields of waving corn
> The rapturous radiance of her moonlit nights,
> The trees in fire that flame afar
> The smiling days that sweetly vocal are,
> The haypy blessed Motherland. ‡
> etc. etc.

It need hardly be said that in these cases the geographical element is strikingly manifest. Secondly, patriotism may be connected with a nation's past and derive its stimulus and motive power from a contemplation of its rich and glorious heritage of culture and traditions, as is the case with us in India. In this case, it may show itself in an ardent longing to revive and develop the cultural heritage of the nation. Or, patriotism may manifest itself in a heroic and high-souled resistance to foreign aggression or domination or domestic tyranny and in a ceaseless striving after national independence or political liberty. This was the patriotism that animated the souls of such heroes or martyrs as William Tell, William the Silent, Robert Bruce, George Washington, Simon de Montfort, Sir John Elliot, Pym and Hampden, to cite but a few names. Or again, the patriot, keenly alive to the social, religious and moral evils or the inhuman practices of his country or age, may start a crusade against them and preach the gospel of

‡ Translated by Mr. W. H. Lee, late of the Indian Civil Service.

social, religious and humanitarian reform. Wycliffe and Luther, Calvin and Knox, Wesley and Wilberforce, Howard and Ashley, Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln, Ram Mohan Roy and Vidyasagar, Keshub Chunder Sen and Vivekananda, Gandhi and Tagore are a few of the illustrious reformers or patriots of this type.

There is no possible limit to the range of patriotism. It may be international and embrace all humanity. Grown God-like, patriotism may "scorn to stand bond-slave to realms but circle earths and seas". Or, it may be national in its character or merely provincial or even parochial. While this noble instinct is characteristic of all, the range of its operation largely depends on the mental and spiritual calibre of each individual.

II.

Let us now proceed to consider what is the mutual relation between loyalty and patriotism and how far one is compatible with the other. The question may be examined in relation to the different forms of Government—Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy.

Let us take Monarchy first. It has been already stated that loyalty is devotion to the sovereign while patriotism is devotion to the national weal. As to whether loyalty is compatible with patriotism in the case of Monarchy, therefore, depends on how the monarch stands in relation to national well-being.

In the case of righteous and enlightened monarchs, invariably guided by principles of justice and benevolence, ever zealously devoted to the welfare and progress of their subjects, loyalty becomes an essential virtue, which is not only compatible with patriotism, but is even dictated by it. In circumstances like these, the patriot becomes a loyalist, and patriotism is blended with loyalty. As examples of such great monarchs, we may note the names of such rulers as Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Alfred, Charlemagne, Asoka, Sri Harsa, Akbar, Sivaji. Even if the ruler be arbitrary and despotic, he may still be entitled to the allegiance of his subjects, provided he is strong and efficient,

and advances the interests of his subjects. Pisistratus and Periander, Henry IV, Cromwell, Louis XIV, Peter the Great, Frederick II, Napoleon, were rulers of this type. The Tudor sovereigns were a class of despots. Still, they were popular, and the nation gladly acquiesced in their despotism. It is well-known to what extent the Good Queen Bess, in spite of her imperious ways, her capricious acts, her vanities and frivolities, was adored and glorified by the nation throughout her long reign. In Tudor England, therefore, loyalty went hand in hand with patriotism, a strong Monarchy being the supreme need of the age.

If we have a good type of monarchs, we have, at the same time, a bad type as well. The pages of history will be found to abound in rulers who have earned an unenviable reputation for themselves as incompetents, profligates or tyrants. In the case of such rulers, can we say that they are deserving of the allegiance of their subjects or that loyalty would be consistent with patriotism? It does not need much reflection to realise that in their case, loyalty on the part of the subjects would be cowardice, if not treason to the commonwealth, and that what patriotism would dictate is active resistance to their tyranny. The verdict of history too is clear on this point. Confining ourselves to the history of England alone, we find that in the 13th century two Kings--father and son--were resisted by the subjects with armed force and reduced to humiliation and that, in the 17th century as well, two kings--father and son--were made to pay dear, for their tyranny and despotism. All those that led the opposition to them--Stephen Langton, Simon de Montfort, Elliot, Pym and Hampden--occupy a proud place in the muster-roll of English patriots. Well sings the poet:

> Yours are Hampden's, Russel's glory,
> Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
> Martyrs in heroic story,
> Worth a hundred Agincourts!
> We are the sons of sires that baffled
> Crowned and mitred tyranny:—
> They defied the field and scaffold
> For their birth-right—so will we!

In the case of the *Ancient Regime* of France as well we find that, thanks to its vices and follies, its extravagances and corruptions, its tyranny and extortion, the wretched squalor of the masses as contrasted with the gilded ostentation of the nobles, it became more and more stinking to Frenchmen and that patriots and philosophers like Rousseau sounded the blast of the trumpet against it and laid the train for the mighty cataclysm of 1789. Here again, we find that loyalty was incompatible with patriotism.

Apart from individual monarchs, let us now take Monarchy as an institution and see how far loyalty is due to it as a matter of patriotism. It is true that Monarchy has rendered valuable services in the past and that it has been an instrument of progress—material and moral--in different countries and ages. The contribution made by a series of benevolent despots, in Europe and elsewhere, for the advancement of their peoples is well-known. However, ever since the French Revolution, there has been a strong reaction against Monarchy, and it has either been ended or atrophied in most countries of the world· Whereever it now exists, it is only as a picturesque survival. This is due to the fact that, in spite of certain merits that may be claimed for it, there are fatal objections to it, as a form of Government. As Bryce observes, "It leaves the fortunes of a State to chance; and when one considers the conditions under which autocrats grow up, chance is likely to set on the throne a weakling or a fool, rather than a hero or a sage."* Secondly, it allows little scope for the subjects to make their wants and wishes realised and satisfied by the monarch. Thirdly, by refusing the subjects all participation in Government, it deprives them of excellent opportunities for political education and training and tends to dwarf and stunt them, mentally and morally. Fourthly, the democratic idea is now strong everywhere, and it is recognised that a system of popular Government, as opposed to class rule, can alone be a guarantee of national progress.

[*To be Continued*]

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*Bryce--'Modern Democracies.' Volume II, pp. 588

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

(A Short Story).

BY R. GOPALAKRISHNA AIYAR, B. A., L. T.

"MY GOD," wailed out Arthur and fell back in the chair, the open letter automatically held in his fingers in a tenacious grasp, himself the picture of agony and despair.

Arthur, still on the sunny side of thirty, born of respectable, though poor parents, was left an orphan too early in life. He was brought up by his aunt, a quiet, unassuming lady, uncontaminated by the town and its vices, and was bred up in the lap of Nature and taught in Nature's school. His innate aptitude for painting manifested itself very early in life and was fostered with sedulous care by his aunt who, on her death-bed, left him sole heir to all her worldly possessions, to wit, the 'Retreat' and a meagre annuity of a hundred pounds.

The 'Retreat' was a simple, un-ostentatious, middle-sized hut, overgrown with blooming creepers, surrounded by tastefully laid-out flower gardens, bounded by an infant, murmuring brook on the north and the east and endless, rolling plains on the other two sides. The scenery from the 'Retreat' was, to say the least, bewitching, and the place was the fittest nursery for the poet and the painter.

Arthur, like most men of genius, was not wealthy. He was conscious of his abilities, of the fact that he had in him the bud of the future R. A; but the chance of improvement and perfection was cruelly denied him by relentless fate. Accessories he had none with which to give the finishing touch to his sublime productions. The rude sketches in their semi-nudeness could catch but the true artist, not the lay public. And Arthur inwardly groaned under this disability. No wonder he was at times even tempted to doubt the existence of an "All-Merciful" God.

Despair courted him. Life to him became a burden. He realised with grim bitterness that he could not faithfully

discharge the responsibilities entrusted to him by God. The artist in him was being slowly but surely strangled out by chill penury. Listlessness took the place of sprightliness. He was on the verge of lunacy. The Muse, however, does not like her votaries to leave her for ever and ever. A silver lining became dimly visible in the horizon of his existence in the person of a simple, unsophisticated country lass, the child of nature, brimful of feminine grace and charm, the only daughter of an honest hard-working farmer near by. Lately a few reverses had driven him to Hardcourt, a money-lender, a veritable Shylock. Not the farmer was in the least anxious about it. His next crop, God-willing, would free him from the dread, octopus-hold of this Shylock and place him firmly on his legs for a long time to come.

Arthur and Mabel had come across each other in their aimless rambles more than once, had felt a liking for each other at first sight, and this mutual regard had fast ripened into ardent love, and they had most solemnly pledged each other, with the full moon to witness, fidelity to the end. Life without Mabel was death to him. The delightful remembrance of their past interview and the untasted bliss of the prospective one sustained him through the day. Mabel, with her maidenly naivete, won him over by degrees from his despondency and successfully coerced him into giving a reluctant promise to postpone the happy day till brighter days dawned upon them.

Hardcourt, a villain to the core, a very vampire, had somewhere in some remote corner of his heart a soft patch which glowed at the sight of Mabel. He was, by nature, incapable of finer emotions. Matrimony was not his line. He had, not by any design on his part, been an uuobtrusive witness to the meetings between the lovers, and his ego, born of his riches, whispered into his ears, "Fool! Why not you? The farmer is in your clutches. Tighten the string. This is the time for you. Tomorrow you may be a moment too late."

So it was that Hardcourt pressed the farmer gently but firmly for the repayment of his money. The farmer

had not, as Hardcourt had ascertained before-hand, the wherewithal to pay him off; still less could he raise £ 300 to satisfy him. A month's grace, probably the only act of consideration Hardcourt ever did any one, was allowed him, at the end of which he should either satisfy his debtor or give over Mabel in marriage to him.

This was an unexpected "bolt from the blue" for the lovers. Mabel knew fully well the base motive which had prompted such a stipulation, preposterous on the face of it, and her hate for the villain became all the more intense. She knew that her father, credulent farmer that he was, had been driven to a corner so very cunningly that the only hope he had of extricating himself from the tangle was to give her in marriage to the hated Hardcourt. Her mind revolted from such a possibility. Her mind was tossed mercilessly between duty to her father and her plighted troth to her lover. Her missive it was that Arthur held so tenaciously in his hands.

"My God", wailed out Arthur, "that things should go awry just now! I could work and earn the trifle in a short time. But! The curse of poverty! Lose Mabel:? Good God! Impossible. Free her from Hardcourt? It is beyond me. Oh God! show me but the way clear." Now it was that Arthur came to realise that there never was or could be such a thing as unalloyed joy in the world.

Youthful minds seldom droop. Buoyancy is in their marrow. Many schemes--most of them wild--had been discussed by the two lovers, only to be rejected one after another as impracticable. Time was speeding on in its relentless fashion. Three days more, and the villain would claim her. Two days more!

But one day remained! The lovers met again in the silvery moonlight, in the garden behind the 'Retreat'. There was somewhat of a determination in the eyes of both.

A tense silence prevailed, but only for a short while. "Now, my love, for your coup."

"It is simple," chimed in Arthur, the while looking round for listeners, "provided it is kept jealously secret.

You remember, Mab, the picture auction in the gallery tomorrow. I examined the pictures most carefully and found, to my surprise, one old, dusty picture relegated to a corner, but a real work of art. I am nine points sure that no one would care to bid for it. If we could but secure it, our fortune is made. A touch here, another there, a little brushing up, and we will be proud possessors of a priceless work of art."

"Can it be true? Is our happiness so easily bought? You are sure no one would discover its worth? I am minded to call it but another of your day-dreams."

"Impossible. It is so much damaged beyond easy recognition. No man with any grain of common-sense in him would go in for it."

A faint rustling was wafted to their ears. Arthur looked around with anxiety. "It is but the wind whistling among the leaves."

"But, supposing any one were to know of its real worth, then—".

"Then God have pity on us! We are as good as lost to each other for ever. Let us but put our firm faith in God and hope for the best".

"Amen," assented Mabel. The two knelt side by side. A heart-felt prayer, a long-drawn out kiss, and the lovers parted with lighter hearts.

Hardcourt emerged from out his hiding place and chuckled within himself as only a man of his stamp could chuckle. "There is ONE MAN 'with a grain of common sense' who can know the worth of pictures. Ah! you thought, you two rogues, to deceive *me*, of all people. Audacious! The fates have played you into my hand, sweeties." 'Mabel' and he thrust his fist into the unresisting air, "Mabel, you are mine in two days, or I am not my father's son."

The day was superbly fine. The gallery was crowded. Arthur and Mabel were sitting together, hope and fear alternately assailing their faces. Hardcourt paraded jauntily before them, now and then levelling a sinister glance at them. The first few good pictures were bid —and

they were worth bidding—at break-down prices. Then came the picture which was 'to decide their fate'. Enthusiasm among the crowd flagged at sight of this dusty production. The bidding began.

'£ 5' said Arthur.

"Any rise on £ 5? " Here it goes. One. Two."

"£6" came from a corner, and all eyes, as if by previous arrangement, were turned in that direction.

'£ 7'.

'£ 8'. The bid was running up like anything and people began to wonder and stare.

'£ 10' said Arthur.

'£ 100' thundered Hardcourt.

'£ 110' murmured Arthur.

'£ 200' snapped Hardcourt.

'£ 250' whispered Arthur, entreaty in his tone.

'£ 500' hissed Hardcourt, teeth clenched.

Arthur appeared crest-fallen. Mabel was the picture of despair. All present looked askance at Hardcourt and began seriously to suspect if he was at all sound in his mind to pay such a fabulous sum for such a musty picture. Hardcourt, however, ignoring with a contemptuous shrug the attention he had attracted paid down cash and walked off with the picture, casting a triumphant glance at the two dejected lovers.

The day following was unusually fine. It had tempted even Hardcourt into his garden, where he soon began to doze on his arm-chair, inhaling the cool evening air, and dreaming of his approaching happiness of the morrow, when lo! a strange vision appeared before him that startled him out of his wits. There stood before him Arthur and Mabel, hand in hand, the perfect picture of unalloyed happiness. He could not believe his eyes.

"Enjoying the evening, Mr. Hardcourt?" queried Mabel, mischief dancing on her lips. He was completely unnerved and gasped for words.

"Well-er-yes. Thank ye," he murmured.

"Allow me to present to you Mr. Arthur, a painter by profession and a friend of mine."

Hardcourt soon rallied. In his mind's eye evidently this was a clever ruse to gain more time for repayment. "Indeed," he said in a cynical tone. "I am very much flattered by his acquaintance." His words produced not the desired effect on them.

"Arthur and I would feel very much honoured if you could find time to grace the occasion of our marriage tomorrow with your presence."

"Your marriage! Tomorrow! Of a surety I shall be present. Why, I must be."

"And in the meanwhile would you mind accepting of me the £ 300 my father owes you and...........?".

"What! you offer me £ 300! It is the rummiest tale I have ever heard. Your father, I assert, has not the cash with him, nor is there, to my knowledge, one of his ilk to lend him a helping hand in this."

"You are mistaken, my dear Hardcourt, you gave him the cash. Perchance, your modesty makes you disclaim it."

Hardcourt jumped out of his chair. "Are you daft and come to tantalise me? I! To lend money to your father again? Impossible!."

"It is not at all impossible, Mr. Hardcourt. You yourself, perhaps unwittingly, showed mercy to my father in the end. You need not gape. The picture you got at the auction and for which you paid £ 500 was my husband's work. And what is his, you are now aware, is ours. We purposely enacted the short drama in the garden knowing fully well you were playing the eavesdropper. God guided us right out. 'All's fair in love and war."

Hardcourt's rage, on knowing that he had been tricked into paying the amount by the young couple, knew no bounds. He fretted and fumed, to no purpose. He had to take the money, pay back the bond—which he did with ill-concealed hatred—and curse them to his heart's content.

Fortune at last smiled on Arthur. The extra £ 200 Hardcourt had paid them put new life into him. With Mabel by his side to inspire him, he was able in an incredibly short time, to lay by enough to set up house-keeping with Mabel.

OUR YOUNGER BRETHREN

[One of the few redeeming and encouraging features of this century has been the thought and consideration given to the cause of animals by some of the more thoughtful people among us. The movement has, as usual, taken firm root and made some progress in Europe and America but India has to her credit comparatively very little of achievement even in the way of propaganda. A new feature of *The Scholar* will, therefore, be a section devoted to animals, in which an endeavour will be made to acquaint our readers with what is being done in other countries in this direction in the hope that such knowledge would be of use to those who desire to work for the amelioration of the voiceless animals.—*Ed. S.*]

THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS

[The following beautiful and soul-stirring poem is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and has been sent broadcast by the American Humane Society of Albany, New York.]

I am the voice of the voiceless ;
Through me, the dumb shall speak ;
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.
From street, from cage and from kennel,
From jungle and stall, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

For love is the true religion,
And love is the law sublime ;
And all that is wrought, where love is not,
Will die at the touch of time.
And Science, the great Revealer,
Must flame his torch at the Source ;
And keep it bright with that holy light,
Or his feet shall fail on the course.

For he who would trample kindness
And mercy into the dust—
He has missed the trail, and his quest will fail;
He is not the guide to trust.
Oh, shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear, dumb eyes,
The sorrow that has no speech.

Oh, never a brute in the forest,
And never a snake in the fen,
Or ravening bird, starvation stirred,
Has hunted his prey like men.
For hunger, and fear, and passion
Alone drive beasts to slay;
But wonderful man, the crown of the Plan,
Tortures, and kills, **For Play**.

He goes well fed from his table,
He kisses his child and wife;
Then he haunts a wood, till he orphans a brood,
Or robs a deer of its life.
He aims at a speck in the azure,
Winged love, that has flown at a call;
It reels down to die, and he lets it lie;
His pleasure was seeing it fall.

The same force formed the sparrow,
That fashioned Man, the King;
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul
To each furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things right.

BOOK REVIEWS

An Englishman Defends Mother India by Ernest Wood. Second Edition. With sixty illustrations. Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 3.

We have had occasion to review in these pages the first edition of this valuable book. It contains a clear and cogent answer for every wily assertion and deliberate misrepresentation made by that "Drain Inspector," Miss Mayo. Not only that, here we have a true picture painted of Indian life and conditions by one who has had immense opportunities of closely studying the manners and customs of the country. The fact that within the short space of thirteen months the book has to go through a second edition shows how popular the work is. The author has a charming literary style. The method of treatment of the subject is lucid and logical. One beginning to read the book can hardly lay it aside without coming to its close. The subject-matter is so very interesting. The excellence of the general get up and printing of the book adds to its attraction. The publishers are to be congratulated on this super-production.

Practical Methods to Insure Success, by H. E. Butler. Published by The Esoteric Publishing Co. Applegate, California, U. S. A. Price 50 Cents. To be had of K. P. P. Thambi, New Lodge, Chettikulamkarai, Trivandrum.

This is a book of practical suggestions to make life orderly and effective. It tells us how many trivialities cling to our lives and make us waste our energies inattentively and unnecessarily. The author gives us practical methods of eliminating the trivialities and of making our life and work effective. Methods of making all departments of life smooth and effective are given. Concentration of mind and the regeneration of manly power are the two means, according to the author, of making life successful. The methods herein given are in conformity with the well-known laws of Nature and must prove fruitful. The book deservs to be read carefully by all men, young and old.

P. M. H.

Esoteric Education, or The unfoldment and life of a hero. A translation from the German of J. Kerning. Published by Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, California,

U. S. A. Price 50 Cents. To be had of K. P. P. Thambi, Trivandrum.

This is a short sketch of the life of a German Knight of apparently medieval times who used to draw his strength and resource from his inner world—the world of his spirit. His education is laid in contrast to that of his two elder brothers who were given only the ordinary education of the secular type while that of this knight was of spiritual character. The sketch also shows how his life was a remarkable success while his brothers only met with failure. The book brings out clearly the importance of the culture of the spirit. It deserves the attention of all educated men. The sooner the principle of the culture of the spirit and its importance are understood by modern educationists and pioneers of civilization the better for the world.

P. M. H.

Srimad Bhagavad Gita Bhajana Saptasati by Krishna Lalji Maharaj. Quarto, xiii+399 pp. (Narahari Lal Maharaj, Sri Krishna Mandir, near Jubilee Garden, Baroda).

A book of religious songs in Samskrit might at once suggest to the mind the name of the **Gita Govinda**, but the present work differs from the latter in that it is not the poet's imaginative description of the phenomena of Divine Love in concrete or other images but that incomparable synthesis of Love, Works and Knowledge which the **Gita** is, turned into songs. For the 700 verses of the **Gita** and the usual prefatory prayers and concluding benedictory **slokas** we have here 757 songs in 10 several ragas. Three of the ragas are extant in Gujarat and are said to be particularly pleasing. Of the others, too, only the northern names are given; but competent musicians should of course be able to overlook the inconvenience easily.

About the author's competence for the great task he undertook and has successfully finished there can be no question. The work, completed in seven years of ardent devotion and unwearied religious teaching, was commended by his Guru who had himself turned the **Gita** into Mahratti and Gujarathi songs. The magnanimity of the publisher, who is the author's disciple and successor to the headship of the Mandir, cannot be adequately praised in distributing copies of the book free to those who may be judged to be in a position to make profitable use of them **(adhikari jana.)**

K. Sh. K.

The Philosophy of Union by Devotion. The Translation of the Yogacharya Sri Srimat Abadhut Jnanananda Deva's 'Bhakti-yoga-darsana' by his disciple, Sri Srimat Swami Nityapadananda Abadhut. Price Re. 1–8–0. To be had of the Translator at Mahanirban Math, Kalighat, Calcutta.

The book under review is an illuminating and inspiring discourse on Bhakti-Yoga and rationalised Bhakti. It is an important contribution to the Philosophy of Bhakti-Yoga and owes its origin, as its perusal suggests, to intensive meditation on and rare realization of Bhakti-Tattwa. The contents of the book seem to be poured out from the depth of the great author's heart after his thorough realization of the truths it contains. The main theme of the book is that 'non dualistic knowledge and Self-love are connected with Bhakti-Yoga-Samadhi in the same way in which they are connected with Laya-Sidhi-Yoga-Samadhi'. This aspect as well as the note of universality that rings from start to finish in the book, gives it a unique position and a claim to popularity. 'There is not the faintest trace of bigotry or intolerance with other religious disciplines in the book. On the other hand it breathes throughout a lofty religious fervour and enjoins rules of conduct for the purification of soul that can be observed by all who are so inclined'. In fact, it has synthesised, with a rare personal insight, the views of the saivas, the Saktas, the Vaishnavas, the Souras, the Ganapatyas etc., and even of the Christians and also the stand-points of the dualists and the non-dualists into one whole in which each has been given its due.

I storngly recommend it to the perusal of the readers of all shades of opinion and all sects and communities. The technicalities have been clearly explained and the notes given at the end of the book will prove useful to the readers The English style is simple and plain.

Saraswathi Diary for 1931. We have received a copy of the Saraswathi Diary from the Saraswathi Printing Works, Robinson Road, Calicut. The binding and get up are very neat. The price is 11 as. a copy.

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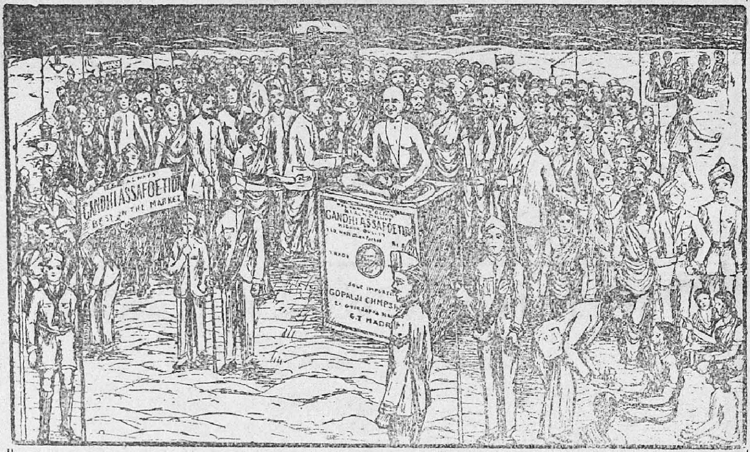

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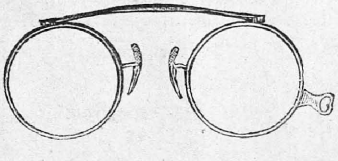

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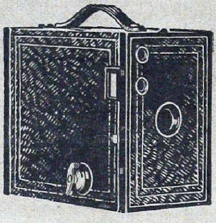

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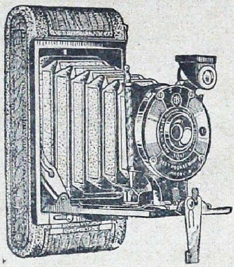

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